

The Longest Busride

By Abe E Seedy

It took 23 minutes for the bus to arrive. Anna knew that exactly on account of just how desperately she was waiting for it to arrive. She'd had a long day, it was stupid hot, and she just- she needed to get home. And now the bus had kept her waiting a full 15 minutes longer than usual, rubbing her thighs absently in her impatience. When she saw the lights of the bus in the distance she'd all but shot off the seat to wave her arm in the air, not wanting another episode where the driver missed her remote stop and drove right past her. Fortunately tonight she was seen, and the bus pulled in in front of her.

The bus was empty of course. It always was this far out - Anna had almost felt guilty in the past that they ran this service and it almost always only ever seemed to be her who used it, but given that the alternative was walking for an hour home she was certainly at least appreciative of it. Swiping her card for the driver she turned to head down towards her customary seat towards the rear of the bus, just in front of the back stairwell. And after just two steps towards it, she stopped. There was someone exactly there.

There was a flash of anger as Anna stared at her, but then the woman looked up at her and it just... flipped. They locked eyes briefly, and she had such big, brown, doe-like eyes, luxuriously soft brunette hair tumbling down her shoulders, and she looked up and smiled with plump, cherry-red lips. She was wearing a flowing red dress. How could she possibly be wearing an elegant red dress out here on the bus from nowhere to nowhere? Anna's hand twitched involuntarily.

It was only the bus starting up and causing her to stumble forward that kickstarted Anna back into motion. She blundered awkwardly down the aisle, unable to keep herself from staring fixedly at the woman despite the fact that she herself had turned to looking demurely back out the window. Setting her sights on sitting at the very back of the bus, Anna attempted to make her way along past the woman, but just as she got to the steps up she found herself tripping over her own feet, falling forwards abruptly as the bus just happened to go over a bump at the same time.

Suddenly she stopped. She felt a pressure on her wrist, and looking up she saw that the woman had leaned forward and caught her flailing arm, holding her with surprising strength before she'd lost her balance completely. Again the woman looked at her with a warm smile, before turning back to the window as Anna righted herself, looking away like it was nothing.

Anna felt wild. She was sure her breathing was heavy enough that the woman would notice it, but if she did she said nothing as Anna hurried past her to the very back of the bus. Throwing herself into the seat, she focused on breathing, running herself through the familiar exercises

that she'd been having to use on and off all day. In, and out. In, and out. She looked up at the girl sitting casually in front of her, licking her lips unconsciously. In, and out.

She shook her head, fighting to dispel the images in her mind. She licked her lips again, prompted by the sensation of them being wet and- oh.

Oh no.

Hurriedly she wiped a finger across her lips, raising it to her face to inspect the results. As she suspected the tip was coated in black, dripping slightly as the sheen of it slid down her skin. Her heart beat faster at the confirmation of it, and that just made her seem to heat up faster, her tongue falling out of her mouth as she couldn't help but pant to cool down. She could do this, she could do this. There was a time for this and it wasn't now - she had to be Jekyll for just a little longer before she could get home and Hyde. So just breathe, breathe, breathe, and for God's sake look at the ground.

Anna did just that, hanging her head as her shoulders heaved from her laboured breathing, trying to simply close her eyes and shut it all out. But even as she did so she felt another bead of liquid form on her lips, growing slowly until it was heavy enough to fall to the floor. God, she was dripping - she couldn't help it she was so insanely turned on. Casting about she suddenly remembered the coating on her finger and moved to wipe it off on the seat in front of her, but instead of coming off it somehow clung to her skin, the movement simply spreading it further around until the entire finger had slipped inside its black glove. She whimpered as she felt the pink pad push outwards from her finger, replacing the delicate whorls of her fingerprint with something altogether smoother and simpler. She gritted her teeth, putting that hand at a discrete distance on the seat beside her.

Suddenly there was a sound in front of her. Looking up, she saw that the woman had taken a small perfume bottle from her handbag and was giving herself a few touch-up sprays. Anna was only sitting a few rows back, so the scent of it wafted back easily, filling her nostrils in moments. It was - it wasn't the fact that it was emphatic or enticing, but it was just so feminine and HER, for those few moments she could smell her as deeply as if she was right next to her, and just that suggestion of nearness kicked her back into overdrive. She breathed in deep, feeling her nose shift in response. With every sniff she felt it turn up further, drifting slowly into a cat-like nose, but even despite that she couldn't help herself from trying to breathe in as much of it as possible. Finally with one last sustained intake she felt it become slick, the mask of black starting to slide out over the centre of her face. Her eyes shot open at that realisation, and she hurriedly looked away.

Anna could feel her teeth lengthening, pulling down with an intense physical tugging, dragging at her like they were trying to tear off this human mask all by themselves. Her lips were all but drooling now, and with the intensity of everything she forgot herself enough to wipe at them absently with one hand, and it was only in looking at it afterwards that she realised that she'd

spread the latex further - even as she watched her black finger swept outwards to encompass her entire hand, and she shuddered as she felt the rest of her pink pads slide through her new skin, while her sharp little claws formed delicately at her fingertips. But she could hold it, she could... she could hold it. Just... just a few more stops...

Another sound made Anna look up. The woman had begun humming, softly repeating a quiet snatch of melody. It was- it was the sort of tune where you recognised it instantly, and the mere recognition of it made you feel good, like pleasant nostalgia even when you couldn't necessarily place the source. Not only that, but simply hearing the woman's voice - soft and somehow sensual even when just humming an abstract tune. Listening to it made Anna's eyes drift back in her head, then snap open as she felt her ears beginning to pull upwards, sliding into their feline configuration seemingly in order to better take in her music. She could... she could... oh god...

Belatedly she realised that her hips were grinding automatically against the seat beneath her. She couldn't even bring herself to try to stop it, she NEEDED the stimulation against her increasingly wet folds, and doing this was all that kept her from thrusting an urgent hand inside her jeans and taking care of things directly. Just as that thought hit her, the image of her giving in and pleasuring herself with wild abandon, she felt a tremor run through her so intense that both hands gripped the edge of the seat desperately. "Nno" she mumbled quietly, momentarily forgetting the need to stay as quiet as possible. "Nnyahht againnn-ahh!"

Her hips jerked and bucked, and with a feeling of intense, shuddering release she felt her tail surge forth from behind her, pulling out of her with one long low moan, its wildly unsubtle sextoy nature showing off to all the world just how lustful and sexual she inherently was. She couldn't... she couldn't... she couldn't stop herself... she needed to press her hands inside herself and work at this, she needed to, that's what she WAS, sex and fucking and great dripping need, and it was only by letting her still-human hand massage her slick folds until it too was properly coated that she could keep herself from pouncing on the still-oblivious woman in red.

She felt her tail filling her like it always did, an unstoppable reservoir of pure lust draining directly into her body as soon as it announced its presence. She was beyond herself now, there wasn't a question any longer of it taking her over, just if she was going to be able to delay it long enough that she wouldn't convert fully on this bus, and whether she could keep to herself enough to avoid luring this unsuspecting woman into it too. Her tongue lolled from the side of her mouth, already thickening with the bumps and ridges that marked it too as merely a device for pleasure. Her black latex skin swept across her body, wrapping her in its lithe, sexy warmth. She shuddered as her slit began to drip freely with her own juices, announcing herself as eagerly ready for use, while her hands involuntarily cupped her breasts as they began to surge, her fingers dipping in to draw out the nipple rings that soon hung comfortably from her chest. Her legs were wide open now - they couldn't NOT be wide open, she needed to work herself over frenziedly as she strained her neck to keep the latex from enveloping her. Just... just a little bit longer, even though it was so desperately hard, just hold out a little bit longer and then she could CUM...

Somehow, even despite her fixation on her, she hadn't noticed the woman in red standing up from her seat in front of her. Anna only looked up as the bus jolted over a bump just as she was stepping forward, causing her to lose her footing and stumble backwards. Reflexively Anna whipped her hands forwards and caught her, her claws sinking in ever so softly to the fabric of the dress around her shoulders as she kept the woman from falling backwards against her. The woman mumbled a demure apology without turning around, while Anna only just made herself let go by pressing her crotch in a long, hard line against the seat and giving herself a distraction. By the time she opened her eyes again the woman was several steps forwards, on her way out the rear door of the bus. As Anna watched, thick black stains spread quickly out over her dress, and even before she had stepped outside it had converted to completely black. And finally, just as the woman stepped out of view, Anna saw her fan herself with one hand, her cheeks flashing with heat. Then she was gone.

Anna came. The sight of that woman getting turned by her, even after so brief and accidental a contact, because she was just that horny, that slick, seductive and corruptive. The thought of that forced her to all but grab her clit and pull the orgasm out of herself, wrapping her head comfortingly as she leaned back and embraced it. The latex swept over the last of her flesh, her ears finishing their migration to the top of her head and her hair parting to reveal the zip that identified her as a simple object to be used. She came again, shuddering as she gave in with the last of herself, rubbing her folds eagerly to prolong and enhance the sensation, wanting nothing more than to feel this feeling for as long as possible. One eye cracked open in thought. Actually, there was ONE thing she wanted more...

She pressed the button to stop the bus with the pad of her finger - she'd been in this situation enough to avoid accidentally piercing it with her claws. When it stopped she fairly bolted out the back door, and soon she was out, her clothes hastily removed and stashed behind a hedge the better to let her feel the cool air against her skin. Then she was off, running in a loping gait on all fours in order to cover the distance as fast as possible.

She smelled it first, the scent of sex and pleasure so easy to distinguish on the wind with her refined nose. She pulled herself up to her feet and slowed to a saunter, savouring the aroma like that of a fine wine. A few minutes longer and she rounded a corner and saw her. She'd made it barely a few steps from the bus stop, bless her, before falling forwards onto all fours. Her now-black dress clung to her, visibly tight around her heaving chest as she panted heavily. By far the standout feature however was the fact that a thick black tail of her own stood out of her rear, and then immediately curved back inwards as she pushed it eagerly inside herself, her whole body rocking forwards and backwards at the intensity of her thrusts. Her eyes had rolled back in her head, but on the sound of someone approaching they snapped open and blearily focused. "Je vous en prie!" she cried, "baise-moi!". Seeing the look of polite incomprehension she was met with, she turned herself around awkwardly, raising her rear into the air and parting her folds with her fingers in a gesture of desperate invitation. "Baise-moi! Baise-moi! B-ahh!-ise-moi!"

"Shh, it's okay. We don't need language." Moving smoothly up to her, she moved her tongue slowly along the entire length of the woman's slit, causing her knees to almost buckle at the sheer overwhelming bliss of the contact. "My name is Syn", she continued, "it's nice to meet you."

Beneath her, the woman panted. "B...B... Beatrice..."

In response, Syn slipped her tongue inside her for a moment, causing her to gasp in pleasure as she was finally taken and filled. Just as rapidly she withdrew again - much to Beatrice's shuddering disappointment - then moved around to face her. "Well Beatrice" she said softly, licking her lips to savour the slickness of her, "we're going to have a LOT of fun together."